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## SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF SCIENCE.

NO. II.

### POPULAR VIEW OF BACON'S NOVUM ORGANUM.

ALTHOUGH we cannot charge the Physics of antiquity with being absolutely regardless of experiment,—some attention to fact being necessary to render a theory plausible,—yet so unskilful was the use made of it, and to so limited an extent was it pursued, that the physical theories by which the ancients accounted for natural phenomena are mere chimeras. They took up principles lightly from an inaccurate and careless observation of many things; or, where more accurate observations were made, they unwarrantably generalised from too limited a number of facts. In some instances, indeed, they made very important discoveries in natural philosophy, astronomy, and other branches of physical inquiry; but they pursued no regular system of experimental investigation, and too often, from superficial examination, made facts subservient to preconceived theories. During the middle ages, the faults of the ancients were not likely to be corrected by the visionaries who then dignified themselves with the name of philosophers. Indeed, the authority of Aristotle, (undoubtedly a great and immortal name, but one too long and too slavishly venerated, even to the exclusion of the evidence of men's senses—sight for instance,) for nearly two thousand years, exercised as complete a control over the human mind as any religious superstition which ever darkened or cramped it; so that, even in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, an appeal from the Stagyrite to Nature herself was reckoned equivalent to heresy. But men could not always shut their eyes to the light and the phenomena of nature. Notwithstanding that the thunder of the Vatican was fulminated for the purpose of drowning every voice that attempted to promulgate principles opposed to the doctrines of the schools, examples of experimental inquiry began to be given to the world in the sixteenth century. It was reserved, however, for Lord Bacon, who had turned his mighty and creative intellect to the contemplation of the state of human knowledge, to mark its imperfections and plan its improvement. This truly great man, unlike Plato, Aristotle, and all the other philosophers of antiquity, was the father of no new sect of philosophers, the inventor of no new theoretical system; but, taking to pieces the fanciful fabrics of those who had gone before him, he sketched the plan of another edifice, to be constructed by those who came after him, not hastily, but slowly from age to age, and according to the immutable principles of nature and truth. "Knowledge is power," said he; but in his day the natural alliance between the knowledge and the power of man seemed entirely interrupted. Improvement in art was left to the fortuitous operations of chance, and that of science to the collision of opposite opinions. "Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions," he says, "and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts and not opinions to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world." It is only in conducting scientific inquiry

VOL. III.

by an appeal to observation and fact, that we can ever arrive at a knowledge of the true system of nature. Such was the fundamental principle laid down by Bacon; and it has been called the inductive method of investigating nature. Induction literally signifies *a bringing in*, and is sufficiently expressive of the method of *bringing together* particular facts and instances, previously to any attempt at forming a system or theory, or by reasoning upon mere conjectures about nature's laws and properties, as philosophers had been accustomed to do before. In his treatment of this important subject of induction, Bacon exhibited a comprehensiveness of mind, a penetration and a sagacity, such as the world had never before seen, and which well entitles him to the appellations he has received of the *Prophet of the Arts*, and the *Father of Experimental Philosophy*. We shall, therefore, now proceed to give an account of the most important and considerable part of his general work, entitled the *Instauratio Magna*, or *Instauration of the Sciences*. It is called *Novum Organon Scientiarum*, or a *New Method of studying the Sciences*, from the Greek word *Organon*, which signifies an *instrument* or *machine*.

Before laying down the rules to be observed in this inductive process of reasoning, Bacon philosophically points out, with great exactness, various general sources of those *errors* which men are apt to commit in forming their notions of things. The prejudices that check the progress of truth he figuratively but strikingly designates *Idols*, because mankind bow down and pay homage to them, instead of regarding truth. Their names, though significant, are somewhat quaint and fantastical; but such a style of composition was characteristic of the age in which Bacon flourished. These Idols of the mind, or grand sources of prejudices and prepossessions, are divided into four classes—Idols of the *Tribe*, Idols of the *Den*, Idols of the *Market*, and Idols of the *Theatre*. The comprehensiveness of mind which Bacon here displays, in distributing the sources of error under these several heads, is very remarkable; for under one or other of them everything which can retard the progress of the human mind in its search after truth will be found to come. "While the rules which Bacon gives us," says Dr. Thomas Brown, "are rules of physical investigation, the temple which he purified was not that of nature itself, but the temple of the mind; in its inmost sanctuaries were all the idols which he overthrew; and it was not till these were removed, that Truth would deign to unveil herself to adoration."

1. The Idols of the *Tribe* are so called because they are common to frail humanity, and spring not from peculiarity of circumstance, but from the nature of the human mind itself. "The mind," he says, "is not like a plain mirror, which reflects the images of things exactly as they are; it is like a mirror of an uneven surface, which combines its own figure with the figures of the objects it represents," thus distorting and perverting them. Among the idols of this class, the tendency in the mind to suppose a greater *uniformity* in nature than really exists is none of the least conspicuous. Rash and superficial generalisation has been the bane of science in all ages, and probably more than anything else has retarded its progress. For instance, when it was perceived that the orbits of the planets returned into themselves, (that is, after

the planet had gone a certain round in the heavens, it was at a certain period found in that exact place from which it took its departure,) it was immediately concluded that all the heavenly bodies move in circles; and this was implicitly believed, until Kepler proved that they move in oval orbits. This propensity has in latter times been recognised under the name of *the spirit of system*; and the prediction of Bacon, that the sources of error would return, and mingle with science even in its most flourishing condition, has been often verified, particularly in theories regarding the physical constitution of the mass of the globe. Amongst other Idols of the Tribe, *prepossessions* or *partialities* in favour of any theory which pleases the fancy are very common to the mind. Thus, any notion which has at first imparted a high degree of satisfaction is supported, even in the face of evidence to the contrary, and facts and observations are twisted and construed to make them correspond with it. The force of general prejudices is also aided by the restless activity of the mental powers, and the ambitious desire of the mind to pry into mysteries, and attempt to grasp the incomprehensible, such as ideas of *space, time, eternity, infinity, final causes*, and the like. Our purely intellectual opinions are also greatly affected by peculiarities in the *moral* constitution of the mind. With admirable sagacity our author observes: "The light of the understanding is not a pure daylight, but it receives a tincture from the will and the affections, and forms the sciences accordingly; for men are most willing to believe what they most desire. Difficulties are rejected through impatience; the deeper things of nature are dreaded through a certain awe: experience is discarded through pride; truth, when it limits our hopes: paradox is shunned through fear of vulgar opposition: and thus, in innumerable ways, and often imperceptibly, do the affections and passions tinge the understanding with their own colouring." The fallacy and incompetency of the senses, and the love of the mind for abstractions and generalisations, complete the number of the sources of error arranged under the head of Idols of the Tribe.

2. The Idols of the *Den* are those which result from the peculiar mental constitution of the individual. Besides the causes of error which are common to the species, Bacon observes, that every individual has his own dark cavern or den, into which the light is but imperfectly admitted, and where a favourite tutelary idol lurks, at whose shrine the truth is often sacrificed. These idols are characterised by our author as "each man's particular demon, or seducing familiar spirit;" and again, every mind is compared to "a glass with its surface differently cut, so as differently to receive, reflect, and refract the rays of light that fall upon it." Particular studies greatly influence men's opinions; and Bacon instances this in the case of Aristotle, who depraved his physics so much with his dialectics, as to render the former entirely a science of words and controversy, a source of endless and useless disputation. Amongst other private prejudices, or sources of error arising from the mental constitution of individuals, the natural difference of men's capacities is mentioned. Bacon distinguishes two grand classes of minds; those composing the one being best adapted to perceive the differences of things; those composing the other, to catch their resemblances. "A steady and sharp genius," says he, "can fix its contemplations, and dwell and fasten upon all the subtlety of differences; whilst a sublime and ready genius perceives and compares the smallest and most general agreements of things. Both minds fall easily into excess, by grasping either at the dividing scale or the shadows of things." Attachment to times is also mentioned as having a powerful influence in the formation of our ideas of truth and excellence. Thus, an idolatry of the ancients has been carried to excess, and the "wisdom of our ancestors"

is a proverbial term of expression to the present day. In general, however, this kind of prejudice has greatly declined since Bacon's time,—*truth*, and not the establishment of sects, having become the aim and end of philosophical inquiry. There are other kinds of prejudices which our author enumerates; but they are more obscure and less important than the foregoing.

3. The Idols of the *Forum* are those that arise out of the commerce or intercourse of society, and especially from language, or the means by which men maintain an interchange of thought\*.

The re-action of thought upon language, and language upon thought, is a very obvious source of error in reasoning.—Language is very imperfect; and in an inconceivable number of instances, the precise idea which is meant to be conveyed is but very faintly indicated. Lord Bacon's meaning may be illustrated by such words as *sensation* and *will*. The former may be defined by saying it is *feeling*: but what is feeling? What, for example, is the feeling or sensation of *cold* or *heat*? What is the sensation of *seeing*? It is obvious that none can describe these to a person supposed never to have experienced them. *Will* may be defined as *volition*, but this again is a mere translation; and if an intelligent being could be imagined who had never actually *willed* anything, nor ever had any *desire* in his mind to do or say anything, it would be utterly impossible to make him understand what willing is. For such imperfections, there appears to be no remedy but having recourse to particular instances, and carefully comparing the meanings of words with the external archetypes from which they are derived.

4. The Idols of the *Theatre* are the last, and consist of the prejudices and perversions of the mind arising from the fabulous and visionary theories, and the romantic philosophies, that so long prevailed in the world. "We call them Idols of the Theatre," says Bacon, "because all the systems of philosophy that have been hitherto invented or received are but so many stage-plays which have exhibited nothing but fictitious and theatrical worlds; and there may still be invented and dressed up numberless other fables of the like kind." "Philosophy," he again remarks, "as hitherto pursued, has taken much from a few things, or a little from a great many; and in both cases has too narrow a basis to be of much duration or utility." Lord Bacon, in his review of these false and visionary systems of philosophy, divides them into three general kinds—*sophistical*—*empirical*—and *superstitious*. The ancient systems were chiefly of a sophistical nature, and were formed on a few careless and imperfect observations and experiments, the filling up being dependent upon the ingenuity and fancy of the inventor. The philosophies of Aristotle, Anaxagoras, Leucippus, Democritus, and others, are prominent examples of these kinds of Idols of the Theatre. Empirical systems are those which are founded upon a few experiments only, although these may be perfectly true and exact in themselves. The ancient chemists or alchemists, with their idle speculations about the four elements, and their dreams of a universal medicine, which was to reverse the irrevocable doom of humanity—death, as well as the Philosopher's Stone, and the like, are adduced as examples of such false systems. Superstitious systems are those in which certain philosophical theories are interwoven with religion, and made subservient to it. In ancient times the philosophies of Pythagoras and Plato are specimens; and in modern times, Whiston's theory of the globe, and Hutchinson's attempt to trace the physics of

\* This may be looked upon as the germ of Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding, which every one knows resulted from its great author observing, whilst conversing with some friends, that much of argumentation might be saved if disputants would only come to an understanding about the exact meaning of terms before they debated a point.

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the true astronomy to the Mosaic account of the creation, afford very striking examples.

After various preliminary discussions concerning the "characteristics of false systems," the "causes of error in philosophy," the "grounds of hope regarding the advancement of science," the great restorer of philosophy proceeds, in the second book of the "Novum Organum," to describe and exemplify the nature of the induction which he deems essential to the right interpretation of nature. He divides the whole into three parts, comprising Aphorisms, or remarks on what is termed the *Discovery of Forms*; *Tables* in illustration of this discovery; and the *Doctrine of Instances*. The word *form* here employed is borrowed from a sect of ancient philosophers, and, as used by Bacon, has a very comprehensive meaning. In one passage he observes, "When we speak of *forms*, we understand nothing more than those *laws* and *modes* of action which regulate and constitute any simple nature, such as heat, light, weight, in all kinds of matter susceptible of them. Again, "The form of any nature is such, that where it is, the given nature must infallibly be." In short, the form of any substance is its essential nature—the form of any quality is that which constitutes the quality,—and the "discovery of forms" may be regarded as signifying the discovery of the laws of nature in general. Bacon seems to have thought that a knowledge of the ultimate essences of the qualities, and powers, or properties of matter lies open to human scrutiny; that is, that to discover the nature of heat, cold, colour, and other principles or properties of matter, is within the range of possibility. But this great philosopher probably overrated the capacity of the human understanding in supposing that such should ever take place: indeed, he seems to have placed the grand aim of philosophy beyond what it is, in all probability, given to man to reach. Upwards of two centuries have rolled away since the promulgation of Bacon's system, and yet we are still entirely ignorant of the *causes* of the various operations of nature. A stone, after being projected into the atmosphere, falls to the earth, we say, by virtue of the laws of gravitation:—but the problem *what is gravitation*, still remains to be solved. Since Bacon's time we have ascertained many of the effects and properties of heat, but its *form* or essential nature we are perfectly ignorant of. The question still remains undetermined, whether heat be a subtle fluid, and hence *material*,—or, as Bacon himself supposed, nothing more than a certain motion amongst the particles of bodies. The same remark is applicable to the other agents in nature, light, electricity, elasticity, and the like.

Two other objects, subordinate to forms, but often essential to the knowledge of them, are also occasionally subjects of investigation;—these are the *latent process*, and the *latent schematism*. By the former is meant, the secret and invisible progress by which insensible changes are brought about, and involve what has since been called the *law of continuity*, according to which no change can possibly take place without a certain portion of *time* being expended in the operation; in other words, no body can change its bulk, or move from one place to another, without occupying intermediate time—that is, the time which intervenes between the commencement and the termination of every change, or passing through intermediate space—that is, the space which lies between the place where the body was before it began to move, and that where it is found when it has ceased to move. We see this in innumerable operations of nature;—such as the planetary movements; the phenomena of accelerated velocity in falling bodies; the motion of light, shown by the eclipses of Jupiter's satellites; in the progress of disease, in which there is a change of the structure of the parts. Upon this subject the eloquent Playfair remarks: "To know the

relation between the time and the change effected, would be to have a perfect knowledge of the latent process." By the *latent schematism*, Bacon meant that invisible structure of bodies on which so many of their properties depend.—For instance, an inquiry into the internal structure or constitution of crystals, is examining into the latent schematism\*. We do the same when we attempt to explain elasticity, magnetism, gravitation, and the like, by any peculiar structure of bodies, or any arrangement of the particles of matter.

The second part contains *Tables*, given in illustration of the inductive method. The materials from which Lord Bacon designed that *tables* of this kind should be composed for the advancement of science, he gives an example of in his "Natural History, in Ten Centuries:" each of the ten sections into which it is divided, containing one hundred facts and experiments, relating to a great variety of subjects; the term *natural history* being used by him in a very extensive sense, as signifying a record of observations on nature in general. This history of facts was to contain an account of the subject under examination, in all the varieties and modifications of which the appearances belonging to it were susceptible.—Not only were the facts which present themselves to the senses in nature to be embodied, but also such as could be elucidated by experiment. And these facts, both affirmative and negative, are reduced into the above-mentioned tables for convenience. Lord Bacon formally exemplifies his method of induction in this part of the *Novum Organum*, on the subject of *heat*, his object being to inquire what is its form or nature. In order to institute this inquiry, he arranges the facts and experiments he was acquainted with relating to it in five different tables. Regarding these, Professor Playfair remarks:—"Though his collection of facts be imperfect, his method of treating them is extremely judicious, and the whole disquisition is highly interesting." \* \* \* The first table contains instances in which heat is found, and is termed the "Affirmative Table, or Instances that agree in possessing the nature of heat;" and the author enumerates the sun's rays, meteors, fires of all kinds, and many other phenomena. The second table is *Negative*, and contains a list of things in which heat is not found. The examples here introduced are purposely those things which have a sort of natural relation or resemblance to the things mentioned in the first table, *heat* alone excepted.—The parallel negative instances to the sun's rays are obviously those of the moon, of the stars, and of comets. The third table consists of a comparison of the degrees of heat found in different substances. These three tables, containing a great number of positive, negative, and comparative examples, are designed to "present a view of instances to the understanding;" and when this view is procured, the business of induction commences. The first step in an inquiry into the *form* or *cause* of anything by induction, is to consider what things are to be excluded from the number of *possible* forms or causes. This exclusion confines the field of hypothesis, and brings the true explanation within narrower limits. Thus, if we wish to inquire into the quality which is the cause of transparency in bodies, we would at once exclude rarity and fluidity from those causes, because the diamond is transparent, and it is a solid and

\* We have already observed, that Bacon not only anticipated a greater perfection in human knowledge than it will probably ever attain, but that he has somewhat mistaken the manner in which knowledge is to be made subservient to practical purposes. He supposes that if the *form*, or cause or law of any quality were known, it would be possible, by imparting that peculiar form to any body, to communicate to it the said quality. Not to dwell upon the improbability of human ingenuity being ever able to penetrate so deeply into the mysteries of nature, the practical utility of such knowledge is very questionable.—But we have adverted to this subject principally for the purpose of observing that Bacon seems to have supposed that the *ultimate atoms* of all bodies were alike in their nature,—a doctrine which modern discoveries have gone far to explode.



dense body. Bacon's fourth table accordingly proposes to exhibit "an example of this exclusion or rejection of natures from the form of heat,—that is, a rejection of those things as the *causes* of heat in which it evidently cannot exist." Bacon's meaning may be thus explained.—Although heat is felt in the sun's rays, yet as a common fire contains heat, the sun is not the essential *cause* of heat, "and he excludes celestial and terrestrial nature." Light and splendour are rejected as essential to heat, because water, air, and solid bodies, will receive or conduct heat without being ignited, and so on. The fifth and last table is quaintly entitled, "The first vintage concerning the Form of Heat;" that is, a rough and general specimen of a conclusion derived from the foregoing investigation. Bacon concludes here, that from an examination of all the instances, "separately and collectively, the nature whose *limitation is heat, appears to be motion*," which he attempts to prove from the view he took of the facts. It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the nature of heat is yet unknown; for all the experiments that have yet been made have failed to set the question at rest.

The third part relates to the "Doctrine of Instances or Facts as regards the Discovery of Forms." It must be obvious to every one that facts are not all of equal value in the discovery of truth. Some of them show the thing sought for in its highest degree,—others in its lowest; some exhibit it simple and uncombined,—in others it appears confused with a variety of circumstances; and so on. This led the author to consider what he calls *Prerogativa Instantiarum*,—Prerogative Instances; or the comparative value of facts as means of discovery, or instruments for finding truth. He enumerates twenty-seven different species, and divides them into three classes,—which are denominated, those which address themselves to the *understanding*; those which assist the *senses*; and those which conduce to *practice*. Into the peculiar properties of each species he enters at some length; but it is impossible in this place to follow the illustrious author through all the instances which he adduces; only a very few of the most important can be given. The first place is assigned to what are called *solitary* instances, and they are of two kinds; those in which bodies *differ* in all things but one, and those in which they *agree* in all things but one. 2. *Instantiæ Migrantes*, or *travelling* instances, are those in which one quality is lost and another is produced; or, in which the nature or quality inquired into exhibits changes and degrees, passing from less to greater, or from greater to less. Let *whiteness* in bodies that are of this colour be the subject of inquiry. Glass and water are adduced by Bacon as examples. Glass when whole is without colour, but when reduced to powder becomes *white*; and water in its natural state is colourless, but in the states of foam or snow is white. 3. In the third place are the *Instantiæ Ostensivæ*, or facts which show some peculiar nature or quality in its highest state of power or energy. The thermometer is very judiciously chosen as an example, that instrument exhibiting the expansive power of heat in a manner more distinct and measurable than in common cases. 4. The *Instantiæ Claustrinæ*, or obscure instances, may be considered as opposed to the last. They show some power or quality just as it is beginning to exist, and in its weakest state.

Such are a few of the species of instances described in the *Novum Organum*, the composition of which work by Lord Bacon entitles him to the homage and admiration of the whole human race now and for ever, as one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. In that work he has done more than any single individual ever achieved to promote the final triumph of truth over error, and to hasten that consummation so devoutly to be wished, when, in the magnificent language of a great poet, TURN, though

"hewn, like the mangled body of Osiris, into a thousand pieces, and scattered to the four winds, shall be gathered limb to limb, and moulded, with every joint and member, into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection."

## THE FATAL REVENGE.

### A HIGHLAND STORY.

"NORMAN," said one of the sons of the laird of Kinallan to his brother, "do you intend going to Soonart's party to-night?"

"Most certainly, Hector. Don't you?" replied the other.

"Are you aware that Kilmoran is to be there?" rejoined Hector; answering his brother's question by asking another.

"Perfectly," replied Norman; "but what of that?"

"Why, of *that*, this," said Hector, fiercely: "that I would as soon throw myself from the top of Dunavarty as enter the same house—much less sit down at the same table with Kilmoran. I have sworn to be his death, and therefore will not break bread at the same board with him. You have sworn a similar oath, Norman. How can you reconcile it with your conscience to sit down in pretended peace with the man?"

"Fair and softly, brother," replied Norman, in his usual quiet tone; "you are hot-headed—you are rash, Hector. It is not the most dangerous dog that barks most. If I keep a fair side to Kilmoran, it is that I may make the more sure of my revenge when the fitting opportunity presents itself."

"And how long do you propose waiting for that opportunity?" said Hector, impatiently, and with a slight expression of contempt, which he could not suppress, for his more cautious brother's tardiness in executing their common vengeance.

"Till it comes," replied Norman, calmly but emphatically. "You know that we dare not attack him openly; otherwise, we should give mortal offence to the duke, and thereby bring down ruin on ourselves. We must, therefore, 'bide our time.'"

"Umph!" rejoined Hector, turning on his heel, and, without further remark, quitting the apartment in which the conversation took place.

Availing ourselves of the opportunity which this incident presents, we will here introduce a word or two of explanation concerning the parties whom we have, rather abruptly perhaps, just introduced to the reader, and of the circumstances in which they stood with regard to each other.

The two brothers, Hector and Norman M'Dougal, were the sons of Alexander M'Dougal of Kinallan, a gentleman of considerable property in the West Highlands; they were neither of them very young men, both being considerably above thirty. As may, in part, have been gathered from what has been already said, the brothers, although agreeing in the atrocious resolve which forms the subject of our tale, were of very different dispositions. Hector was fierce, irascible, and outspoken, and although capable of entertaining the most deadly hatred against those who offended him, was incapable of concealing it; all the savage nature of the man was expressed in his bold and determined countenance. It was otherwise with Norman: equally vindictive with his brother, he was more cautious and guarded; quiet and reserved in his manners, slow and deliberate in his proceedings, it was not easy to discover whom he liked, or whom he disliked. Nor, so carefully did he conceal his resentments, were the objects of his hatred always aware of the enmity he bore them: on the contrary, deceived by his civil speech, his ready smile, and apparently placid temperament, they often knew not of their danger, till circumstances having, by some sudden turn, put them in his power, they felt the sting which he had hitherto so carefully concealed. He never struck until sure that his blow would not only find, but tell upon his victim.

Kilmoran, again,—we adopt the Highland custom of distinguishing persons by the name of their property or place of residence,—was a neighbouring laird, with whom the family of the M'Dougals had been long at feud, and who had recently added to

his offences by securing, through his influence with the Duke of Argyle, with whom he was in great favour, a certain farm which the M'Dougals had made some strenuous efforts to obtain.

Soonart, again,—or the Laird of Soonart, as he was called,—was also a neighbour, although not a very near one, his residence being about five miles distant from those of the M'Dougals and Kilmorans, which were within a quarter of a mile of each other.

Having mentioned these particulars, we proceed with our tale.

Agreeably to the resolution which he had expressed to his brother, Norman, shortly after the conversation with the former which we recorded at the outset of our story, mounted his horse, and set off for Soonart; the merry-making to which he had been invited, and to which we formerly alluded, being to take place on the afternoon of the day on which our tale opens.

Soonart, or Castle Soonart, as it was sometimes called, although scarcely deserving so dignified a title, was an ancient building in the style of the sixteenth century, turreted and battlemented, with steep grey roofs and deeply-indented ledges. It stood on the summit of a rugged, precipitous cliff, whose base was washed by the sea; its white-crested waves, in stormy weather, howling around, and leaping upon the majestic rock, like a flock of hungry wolves. On the land side, however, the house was of easy access, being connected with the main land by a broad natural mound or isthmus. In ancient times, this neck of land was intersected by a deep moat at a short distance from the building; but it had been allowed to fill up, and was at the time of which we write but just discernible by faint outlines.

The greater number of the party invited to Soonart had already arrived, when Norman M'Dougal presented himself in the large dining-hall of the mansion; and amongst those assembled there was Kilmoran. On Norman's entrance, the latter, who was a good-natured, kind-hearted man, and who had always anxiously desired to be at peace with his neighbours the M'Dougals, instantly made up to him, and offered him the hand of friendship. It was readily accepted by his treacherous enemy, and apparently with as much cordiality as it was given. The ready but quiet smile of Norman replied to the half-jocular, half-serious remonstrances of Kilmoran on the subject of their ancient enmity; and a significant shrug of the shoulders, accompanied by words of kindness, expressed—or were meant to express—his perfect willingness to entertain Kilmoran's proposal that they should forget the past, and live in friendship for the future.

Soon after, the guests having all assembled, the party sat down to table, to partake of the good things provided for them by their host. Leaving them thus agreeably employed, we shall return for a time to the residence of the M'Dougals, and take up the part about to be enacted by Hector in the tragical drama of the evening.

Brooding over the grudge he bore Kilmoran, and which had been stirred into fresh activity by the incident of their common invitation to Soonart, and in part also by the late conversation he had had with his brother on the subject, Hector M'Dougal was suddenly struck with one of those atrocious ideas that so frequently present themselves to desperate and revengeful men, and fill the world with crime. He determined on that very night to waylay and murder Kilmoran on his return from Soonart, which he calculated would be somewhere about midnight. Having come to this hellish resolution, he armed himself with his rifle—with which he was an unerring shot, as the deer of his native mountains knew by fatal experience,—and hasted away to seek a favourable situation for executing the dreadful deed he contemplated.

Stealing secretly out of the house, and afterwards taking a quiet and circuitous route, he made for a certain copse on the face of a rising ground, that overlooked the road by which Kilmoran must return home; this road lying between the rising ground alluded to and a beautiful lake that slept in the hollow of the hills. Entering the copse, M'Dougal pushed through it until he reached the skirt nearest the way by which Kilmoran would pass, and which brought him to within fifty or sixty yards of it. Here con-

cealing himself amongst the thick underwood, and with a paling in front on which to lean his rifle, M'Dougal awaited the appearance of his victim. It was a bright moonlight night, and as the horse Kilmoran always rode was a very light grey, approaching almost to white, and in this respect somewhat remarkable, there would be no difficulty in at once recognising him.

Leaving the assassin thus watching for his prey, we shall return to Soonart, to see how the evening was passing with the festive party there assembled. It was passing pleasantly: the banquet-room of the old mansion rung with the burst of hilarious merriment which the facetious jest and humorous song were ever and anon eliciting, and the wine-flagon was pacing it merrily round the festal board.

The time came, however, when the jest and the song were heard more rarely, and when the wine-flagon began to make its rounds with a more tardy motion. It was getting late; the spirits of the party were flagging, and a general movement amongst the guests to break up the party was the result. It did break up; when, hurrying out of the apartment in merry and somewhat obstreperous confusion, the guests sought the stables for their horses, all of them having come from a distance. Kilmoran was amongst the party who sallied out in quest of their steeds, but it was merely to see his friends mounted he accompanied them, as he had been prevailed upon by his host to remain with him all night, in order to join him in a hunting-party which had been made up for an early hour of the following morning. This was altogether an unexpected circumstance on the part of Kilmoran, who had originally intended to return home that night.

On the party reaching the stable, it was found that Norman M'Dougal's horse was dead lame in two of his legs, and consequently unable to walk a single step. How this had happened could not be at the moment ascertained; some sinews strained, it was supposed, or some injury sustained in the feet. But whatever might be wrong with the animal, or in whatever way he might have come by his injuries, it was clear he was quite unable to carry his master home that night. Seeing this, Kilmoran, in the same spirit in which he had made up to M'Dougal on his first arrival at Soonart, pressed him to take the use of his horse; adding, good-humouredly, that if he did not think he could presume to take a horse of his to his father's house, seeing the ancient enmity that was between them, he might ride him to Kilmoran, leave him there, and walk home, a distance of only about half a mile.

M'Dougal would have refused to accept the proffered kindness; but, besides his own wish to deceive Kilmoran with regard to his feelings towards him, there were too many witnesses present for him to feel safe in exhibiting any, the slightest, symptom of the dislike he bore that person; and his rejection of his offered civility on the present occasion, he feared, might be looked upon in that light, and be remembered afterwards if anything should happen to Kilmoran. Reasoning thus, and reasoning as quick as thought, M'Dougal, with many expressions of thanks, accepted the offer of Kilmoran's horse, mounted him, and rode off. Fifteen minutes' smart riding brought him to the margin of the lake formerly alluded to; a few minutes more saw him enter on and proceed along the road that skirted it.

Unconscious of peril, M'Dougal rode on, and had attained somewhere about half the length of the lake, when the sharp report of a rifle rung in the copse, and in the same instant Norman M'Dougal fell from his horse a dead man—a rifle-ball having passed right through his head. Deceived by the horse he rode, his brother had directed against him that shot which he intended for Kilmoran.

Unaware of the dreadful mistake he had committed, M'Dougal hastened home, and, unperceived by any one, entered the house and retired to bed. Morning came, and with it much surprise to the midnight assassin that his brother had not returned. Leaving his couch, on which he had spent but a restless night, he approached the window of his bedchamber to look abroad on the morning. He had not done so for many seconds, when he saw a

crowd of people slowly approaching the house, and bearing along what appeared to be a heavy burden. In a few minutes he made out that it was a human body they were carrying, and, not doubting that it was the corpse of Kilmoran, he summoned his utmost resolution to meet the report of that gentleman's murder with as unmoved and unconscious a manner as possible. But why bring the body of the murdered man to his house? Why not take it to Kilmoran? The proceeding confounded him, and filled his guilty bosom with a thousand indefinable terrors. In the mean time, the persons bearing the corpse approached; they passed beneath the window at which M'Dougal was standing, and in the livid and ghastly upturned face of the murdered man he recognised the face of his brother. Suspicions of the dreadful truth flashed across his mind, and he sank into a chair, powerless and all but insensible.

In a few minutes, one of the men who had brought the body home entered his apartment, and with a sorrowful countenance—and not aware that he had seen the body pass—informing him that his brother had been killed.

"How?" said M'Dougal in a sepulchral voice.

"Shot through the head," replied the man.

"Where was the body found?" again asked M'Dougal, with white, parched, and quivering lip.

"By the side of the loch, near the Clachanmore," answered the man.

All that day M'Dougal kept his apartment, and would neither himself come forth, nor would he allow any one to enter. When the morning came, he was missing; he had disappeared through the night, and none could then, or ever after, tell whither he had gone. It was supposed by some that he had thrown himself into the lake; by others, that he had left the country and gone abroad: this last rumour being followed up by a report, some years after, that he had fallen in the American war—it was said, in the battle of Bunker's Hill.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

##### LADY GRISSEL BAILLIE.

THE name of Robert Baillie, of Jerviswood, is familiar as that of one of the victims of the unjustifiable measures pursued by the government of Charles II. in the persecution of all who were suspected of offering opposition to their schemes for establishing arbitrary power.

Baillie, who had long been a marked man as a staunch friend of civil liberty and the Protestant cause, had more than once suffered imprisonment on account of his opinions, when he and two other gentlemen were sent up to London by the Scottish malcontents to concert measures with Monmouth, Russell, Sidney, and the other English leaders implicated in what is called the Rye-house plot, for a simultaneous rising in the North, to support the proposed insurrection in London and other places in England. When the conspiracy was discovered, Baillie was immediately seized and sent to Scotland, although not a tittle of evidence could be found against him; and on his refusing to answer, on oath, any questions the Privy Council might please to propound, a fine of six thousand pounds was imposed upon him, and he was kept in such a cruel confinement in the prison on the Bass rock and elsewhere, that his health was utterly broken; and when at length, by the examination of other prisoners under torture, evidence of the share he had taken in the conspiracy was procured, and sentence pronounced upon him, he was in so weak a condition that the judges ordered it to be carried into execution the same day, lest their victim should escape them. Yet even this was not the limit of their vindictive fury; for, with unexampled barbarity, his two sons were compelled to be present on the scaffold, and even placed so near the block that their clothes were covered with the blood of the father.

The eldest of these sons, George, who afterwards became the husband of Lady Grissel, the subject of this sketch, was only

nineteen at his father's death, after which event he retired to Holland, where he continued till he returned with the Prince of Orange at the Revolution.

Lady Grissel Baillie, the eldest daughter of Sir Patrick Home of Polwarth, afterwards Earl of Marchmont, was born at Redbraes Castle on the 25th of December, 1665. Her early trials, and admirable bearing under them, have thrown a romantic cast over a character in which so much of strength and gentleness were combined; and the beautiful sketch given of her career in the "Metrical Legends" of Joanna Baillie, who, we believe, claims kindred with her heroine, rendered her merits more generally and highly estimated. Lady Grissel's daughter, Lady Murray of Stanhope, left behind her in manuscript a memoir of her mother, which, although one of the most beautiful memorials ever raised by a child to the virtues of a parent, was not published entire until the year 1822. It is to this work that we are indebted for our materials.

Sir Patrick Home, who possessed the same principles with Baillie, lived in the strictest friendship with him, and was exposed to the same dangers, although, more happy than his friend, he was enabled to surmount them. "In the troubles of King Charles the Second's time, his daughter began her experience of afflicting and terrifying hardships; though," says Lady Murray, "I have often heard her say she never thought them any. At the age of twelve she was sent by her father from their country-house to Edinburgh, a long journey, when Mr. Baillie was first imprisoned, to try if, by her age, she could get admittance into the prison unsuspected, and slip a letter into his hand, of advice and information, and bring back what intelligence she could. She succeeded so well in both, that from that time I reckon her hardships began, from the confidence that was put in her, and the activity she naturally had far beyond her age, in executing whatever she was entrusted with.

"After the persecution began afresh, and Mr. Baillie again in prison, her father thought it necessary to keep concealed; and soon found he had too good reason for so doing, parties being continually sent out in search of him, and often to his own house, to the terror of all in it, though not from any fear for his safety, whom they imagined at a great distance from home; for no soul knew where he was but my grandmother and my mother, except one man, a carpenter called Jamie Winter, who used to work in the house, and lived a mile off, on whose fidelity they thought they could depend, and were not deceived. The frequent examination and oaths put to servants, in order to make discoveries, were so strict, they durst not run the risk by trusting any of them. By the assistance of this man, they got a bed and bed-clothes carried in the night to the burying-place—a vault under ground at Polwarth Church, a mile from the house—where he was concealed for a month, and had only for light an open slit at one end, through which nobody could see what was below. She went every night at midnight to carry him victuals and drink, and stayed with him as long as she could to get home before day. In all this time my grandfather showed the same constant composure and cheerfulness of mind that he continued to possess to his death, which was at the age of eighty-four; all which good qualities she inherited from him in a high degree. Often did they laugh heartily in that doleful habitation at different accidents that happened. She at that time had a terror for a church-yard, especially in the dark, as is not uncommon at her age, by idle nursery stories; but when engaged by concern for her father, she stumbled over the graves every night alone, without fear of any kind entering her thoughts but for soldiers and parties in search of him, which the least noise or motion of a leaf put her in terror for. The minister's house was near the church; the first night she went, his dogs kept such a barking as put her in the utmost fear of a discovery; my grandmother sent for the minister next day, and upon pretence of a mad dog, got him to hang up all his dogs. There was also difficulty of getting victuals to carry him without the servants suspecting. The only way it was done was by stealing it off her plate at dinner into



her lap. Many a diverting story she has told about this and other things of the like nature. Her father liked sheep's head; and while the children were eating their broth, she had conveyed most of one into her lap: when her brother Sandy had done, he looked up with astonishment, and said, 'Mother, will ye look at Grissel; while we've been eating our broth, she has eat up the whole sheep's head!' This occasioned so much mirth amongst them, that her father at night was greatly entertained by it, and desired Sandy might have a share of the next. I need not multiply stories of this kind, of which I know many. His great comfort and constant entertainment—for he had no light to read by—was repeating Buchanan's Psalms, which he had by heart from beginning to end, and retained them to his dying day."

The confinement in the gloomy vault of Polwarth Church was, notwithstanding the cheerfulness with which it was borne, excessively irksome; and Grissel and Jamie Winter set about arranging a safe concealment in the house. They removed the boards beneath a truckle-bed in a room on the ground-floor, of which Grissel kept the key, excavated the earth with their hands to make no noise, and carried it through the window in a sheet to the garden. When a sufficient space was obtained, a large box, with plenty of air-holes, which Jamie made at home and brought at night, was introduced into the cavity, and being furnished with a bed, it was thought that Sir Patrick might seek a refuge there in case of alarm, while the truckle-bed above would conceal the loose boards. The only fear was of the damp; but all proving safe after a due trial, Sir Patrick ventured home, remaining undiscovered and unsuspected in the room which no one had been accustomed to enter but his daughter. He had not, however, enjoyed the change for more than a fortnight, when one morning, upon the usual examination of the hiding-hole, the box was found full of water. Sir Patrick determined to "tempt Providence," as he expressed himself, no longer, more especially as the news of Mr. Baillie's execution was brought the same day. His wife and daughter worked indefatigably to prepare clothes for him that night sufficiently to disguise him, and he escaped safely, missing, by the mere accident of losing his way, a party who were sent to take him. He got safe to London, where he passed for a surgeon, having some knowledge of medicine, and always carrying lancets with him. He got to France without discovery, and travelled on foot from Bordeaux to Utrecht, where he took up his abode under the assumed name of Dr. Wallace, and thence sent for his wife and children.

His estates had been in the mean time forfeited, and upon receiving this summons, his wife, taking Grissel with her, went to London to solicit some allowance out of them for the support of herself and her ten children; but, although assisted by the influence of many kind and zealous friends, she could obtain only about one hundred and fifty pounds a year for them. Returning to Scotland, she carried all her family, except Julian, who was too ill to travel, to Holland, and when they were all settled at Utrecht, Grissel, still a mere girl, alone and unprotected, was sent back for her sister, and "to negotiate business, and try if she could pick up any money of some that was owing to her father."

They had a long and disagreeable voyage back to Holland, rendered more irksome by the ill conduct of the captain. When at length they landed at the Brill, "they set out at night," says Lady Murray, "on foot for Rotterdam, with a gentleman who was of great use to them, that came over at the same time to take refuge in Holland. It was a cold, wet, dirty night; my aunt (Julian), a girl not well able to walk, soon lost her shoes in the dirt; my mother took her upon her back, and carried her the rest of the way, the gentleman carrying their small baggage. At Rotterdam, they found their eldest brother and my father (George Baillie) waiting for their arrival, to conduct them to Utrecht, where their house was; and no sooner were they all met, than she forgot everything, and felt nothing but happiness and contentment."

"A fine sparkle of love," as Froissart has it, had stolen into

the hearts of Grissel Home and George Baillie before either had departed from Scotland, and although until better times came they had the prudence to abstain from any formal engagement, yet the love for the sister was strongly manifested in friendship for the brother, and it was the most natural thing in the world for George Baillie to be in waiting to meet Grissel Home. "She had seen him," says Lady Murray, "for the first time in the prison with his father, and from that time their hearts were engaged. Her brother and my father were soon got to ride in the Prince of Orange's guards, till they were better provided for in the army; which they were before the Revolution. They took their turn in standing sentry at the Prince's gate, but always contrived to do it together; and the strict friendship and intimacy that then began, continued to the last. Though their station was then low, they kept up their spirits. The prince often dined in public; then all were admitted to see him: when any pretty girl wanted to go in, they set their halberts across the door, and would not let her pass till she gave each of them a kiss, which made them think and call them very pert soldiers. I could relate many stories on that subject; my mother would talk for hours, and never tire of it; always saying it was the happiest and most delightful part of her life. Her constant attention was, to have her brother appear right in his linen and dress: they wore little point cravats and cuffs, which many a night she sat up to have in as good order for him as any in the place; and one of their greatest expenses was in dressing him as he ought to be." If the whole truth were told, we suspect it would appear that George Baillie now and then participated in the care thus bestowed upon the "little point cravats and cuffs."

They lived three years and a half in Holland, during which time Grissel Home made a second voyage to Scotland upon business, for she was the very stay and support of the whole family; and well might her mother on her death-bed bless beyond all the rest her "who had ever been her helpful child." "All the time they were there," continues Lady Murray, "there was not a week my mother did not sit up two nights to do the business that was necessary. She went to market, went to the mill to have their corn ground (which it seems is the way with good managers there), dressed the linen, cleaned the house, made ready the dinner, mended the children's stockings and other clothes, made what she could for them, and in short did everything. Her sister Christian, who was a year or two younger, diverted her father and mother and the rest, who were fond of music. Out of their small income they bought a harpsichord. My aunt played and sang well, and had a great deal of life and humour, but no turn to business. Though my mother had the same qualifications, and liked it as well as she did, she was forced to drudge; and many jokes used to pass between the sisters about their different occupations. Every morning before six, my mother lighted my father's fire in his study; then waked him; (he was ever a good sleeper, which blessing among many others she inherited from him;) then got him, what he usually took as soon as he got up, warm small beer with a spoonful of bitters in it, which he continued his whole life, and of which I have the recipe. Then she took up the children, and brought them all to his room, where he taught them everything that was fit for their age; some Latin, others French, Dutch, geography, writing, reading, English, &c., and my grandmother taught them what was necessary on her part. Thus he employed and diverted himself all the time he was there, not being able to afford putting them to school; and my mother, when she could afford a moment's time, took a lesson with the rest in French and Dutch, and also diverted herself with music. I have now a book of songs of her writing when there; many of them interrupted, half writ, some broke off in the middle of a sentence."

Notwithstanding their limited means, they contrived to extend hospitality to "unfortunate banished people like themselves, and they seldom went to dinner without three, four, or five of them, to share with them: and many a hundred times," says Lady Murray, "I have heard my mother say, she could never look back upon

their manner of living there, without thinking it a miracle: they had no want, but plenty of everything they desired, and much contentment, and always declared it the most pleasing part of her life; though they were not without their little distresses—but to them they were rather jokes than grievances.

At length the Revolution put an end to their exile, and all the party returned to their native land, except Christian, who died within a short time of their departure. "I have," says Lady Murray in relating this melancholy event, "heard my mother say, she had no notion of any other cause of sorrow, but the death and affliction of those she loved; and of that she was sensible to her last, in the most tender manner. She had tried many hardships without being depressed by them; on the contrary, her spirits and activity increased the more she had occasion for it; but the death of her friends was always a load too heavy for her. She had strong and tender passions, though she never gave way to them but in what was commendable and praiseworthy."

Two years after their return home, when both Mr. Baillie and Sir Patrick Home had recovered their estates, and were both in honourable employments, the former in Parliament, the latter as Chancellor of Scotland, the lovers were "made happy;" and never was the phrase more justly applied to a marriage, for her daughter "often heard her declare, that they never had a shadow of a quarrel or misunderstanding—no, not for a moment, and that to the last of his life, she felt the same ardent and tender love and affection for him, and the same desire to please him in the smallest trifle, that she had at their first acquaintance. Indeed, her principal and sole delight was, to watch and attend to everything that could give him pleasure or make him easy. He never went abroad but she went to the window to look after him; and so she did the very day he fell ill, the last time he went abroad, never taking her eyes from him as long as he was in sight;" a beautiful picture of true love flourishing greenly after a union of forty-eight years' duration.

What the conduct of such a woman as we have described Lady Grissel Baillie was towards her children, may be easily imagined; nor is it surprising that they loved and revered such a mother. After the death of her son-in-law, Lord Binning, who married her younger daughter, her maternal cares were extended to his children, whose education she sedulously superintended. Nor were the talents for business so early displayed suffered to lie idle. Besides her household cares, to which, however occupied by other affairs, she always paid watchful attention, she was often called upon to assist her husband in the management of his business; and such was the reliance he had upon her judgment, that he seldom did anything without consulting her. Her amazing energy and activity enabled her to perform all her labours with such apparent ease as to astonish those who beheld her. "She went to Scotland every second year to see her father, and when he wanted assistance in his old age, and could not take the trouble of looking after his own affairs, she looked into and settled his steward's accounts; once at Kimmerghame, with a trouble and fatigue incredible, for two months, from five in the morning till twelve at night, that she scarce allowed herself time to eat or sleep, settling and taking them from one that had long had the charge of the business, till she half killed the whole family by attending her, though they kept not the hours she did."

When her son-in-law Lord Binning fell ill, he was advised to try the air of Italy; and his father-in-law and his whole family accompanied him to Naples. On their way they passed through Utrecht. When Lady Grissel came there, says her daughter, she had the greatest pleasure in showing us every corner of the town, which seemed fresh in her memory, particularly the house she had lived in, which she had a great desire to see; but when she came there, they would not let her in, by no arguments either of words or money, for no reason but for fear of dirtying it. She offered to put off her shoes, but nothing could prevail, and she came away much mortified at her disappointment.

"At Naples she showed what would have been a singular

quickness of capacity and apprehension at any age, much more at hers. She knew not one word of Italian, and had servants of the country that as little understood one word she said; so that at first she was forced to call me to interpret betwixt them; but in a very little while, with only the help of a grammar and dictionary, she did the whole business of her family with her Italian servants—went to shops, bought everything she had occasion for, and did it so well, that our acquaintances who had lived many years there, begged the favour of her to buy for them when she provided herself; thinking, and often saying, she did it to much better purpose than they could themselves."

The death of her husband, which happened in 1738, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, afflicted her deeply. "It threw her into a dangerous fit of illness; which with joy she would have allowed herself to sink under, had she not thought her life was still necessary for the happiness of her family." She often expressed her firm conviction that she and her husband should meet and know each other again in another world, and said that without that belief she could not support herself. Her expressions of grief for his loss throughout the remainder of her life, were frequent and most affecting. One day, visiting the family-house in Scotland, looking round and admiring the beauties of the place, she checked herself, burst out in tears, and said, "What is all this to me, since your father does not see and enjoy it!"

She survived him rather more than eight years, which were chiefly occupied in the care of her grandsons, the children of Lord Binning, and died in London, after an illness of a few days, on the 6th of December 1746, having nearly completed her eighty-first year. She expressed a wish to be buried by her husband at Mellerstein, and, thoughtful to the last, told her daughter that in a black silk purse in her cabinet, she would find money sufficient to do it, which she had kept by her for that use, that whenever it happened it might not straiten us. She added, "I have now no more to say or do;" tenderly embraced her daughter; laid down her head upon the pillow, and spoke little after that. Her wishes were complied with, and she was buried at Mellerstein on her birthday, the 25th of December.

We have been obliged, by the limits of our sketch, to leave out numberless little touches which fill up the outline of the picture drawn by Lady Grissel's daughter. But we have preserved sufficient to render any laboured panegyric unnecessary; and we leave her character for the reader's judgment and imitation.

#### THE ENGLISH POETS.

On! Sovereign of the willing soul,  
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,  
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares,  
And frantic passions, bear thy soft control.  
On Thracia's hills, the lord of war  
Has curb'd the fury of his car,  
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command:  
Perching on the sceptred hand  
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king  
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing;  
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie  
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

GRAY

POETRY, which has from the earliest ages delighted mankind, is sometimes in the present day underrated by those, who, being from the circumstances of their life indisposed to seek pleasure from books, are inclined to despise poetry because its professed object is to give pleasure; they therefore conclude that an art whose professed object is to please the ear with harmonious numbers, must necessarily be trifling—its pursuits unworthy of a thinking man—and any attention bestowed upon it by readers but a waste of time. Such reasoners overlook the great design of poetry, and the amazing power it is capable of exerting over the human mind, arising from the exquisite delight communicated by its perusal. "The end of poetry," says Lord Bacon, "is to fill the ima-



gination with observations and resemblances which may second reason, and not oppress and betray it; for these abuses of art come in but *ex obliquo*, for prevention and not for practice."

The imagination is a power of the mind that is very frequently at work even with those who are scarcely conscious of possessing such a faculty; and it is often totally disregarded, and its use in enlightening and enlarging the understanding utterly neglected. To the imagination the poet addresses himself, and awakening the mind by images of beauty, heroism, and virtue—exciting by turns the various passions—he fixes his lessons on the memory with a vivid distinctness which is unattainable by any other medium. Addressing himself directly to an auditor who is held to attention by the charm of melody, the poet possesses a power of conviction which, rightly directed, is almost supreme. The power, like all others, may be and has been abused; but the abuse of a good gift can never be opposed against its legitimate use. Such an argument would hold equally strong against misdirected eloquence, which indeed has too frequently been used for vain and selfish purposes. The spirit of *true* poetry, moreover, is of such a nature—allied to the highest qualities of mental intelligence—that, although it may be sullied by the vices of the age, yet it cannot be checked in its upward flight by the thick atmosphere they may cast around; and, as has been justly remarked by a very excellent writer on the subject\*, "it will be in fact found that, with very few exceptions, poetry has adapted itself to the highest tone of morality prevalent in the country or age wherein it has flourished." The writer might have safely gone further, and affirmed that it has most usually gone far beyond it. In the earlier stages of society, the poets have been the guides and instructors of the people, and their moral and heroic maxims being borne in the memory from generation to generation, have produced effects indelible; and although they do not possess so unlimited an authority over minds more cultivated and less easily gratified, yet we believe that their melodious numbers will never cease to please; and that, so long as this mortal state continues, they will constitute a great part not only of the "delight," but of the "profit" of those who are wise enough to listen to them.

To write an essay upon poetry is not our intention: our object, like the poet's, is to "please," while we at the same time endeavour to "profit" our readers. There are some who endeavour to disparage the inherent seeking after pleasure which is so strong in all mankind. These would-be modern stoics must certainly entertain a curious opinion of humanity when, as too frequently, they condemn those innocent amusements which are necessary to keep the mind in a state of healthy vigour; and, contending that this life is but a state of punishment, not of trial, sink us to despair. This is not the spirit in which the life we are endowed with is to be used. The first feeling arising in our minds when sense is early opening, is gratitude for the blessing of being: we know not whence it comes; but we feel the great enjoyment of existence, and we seek the cause to whom we ought to give our acknowledgment.

When the revolving year brings on sweet spring-time, we envy not him whose heart does not bound under its influence. The fresh budding trees, the opening sweetness of the flowers, the joyous song of birds, awakening our hearts to the ecstasy of that purest felicity of humanity, conjugal love, all incite us to pour out our gratitude to Him—the generous donor of so many goods.

God gives us many pleasures to alleviate the hardship of our toils. He has endowed us with faculties enabling us to enjoy the beauties of nature—to drink in the harmony of the sweet voices

of the birds, to feel pleasure from the rich minglement of the flowers that adorn the earth, to luxuriate in their perfume, and to welcome the zephyr that tempers the strong heat of the glorious sun. And not unwisely have men used the intellectual gifts they have felt themselves possessed of in the gift of poetry; a form of language which, being very agreeable to the ear, is accepted gladly by the tired spirit, and is able even, like the honied cup of the over-kind nurse alluded to by Horace, to give agreeably a dose which, in another and less pleasing guise, might be rejected by the patient.

Alexander's Feast is not only the master-piece of Dryden, but the most splendid specimen of the class of poetry to which it belongs that our language possesses; and although so familiar to us, we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of gracing our pages with this matchless composition, which in itself combines the splendour of the poet's inspiration and the melody of the musician's lyre. We seem to hear the voice of Timotheus, and are spell-bound by the magic of his song.

#### ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won  
By Philip's warlike son:  
Aloft in awful state  
The godlike hero sat  
On his imperial throne:  
His valliant peers were placed around;  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd).  
The lovely Thais by his side,  
Sate, like a blooming Eastern bride,  
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.  
Happy, happy, happy pair!  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave,  
None but the brave deserve the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high,  
Amid the tuneful quire,  
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:  
The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
And heavenly joys inspire.  
The song began from Jove,  
Who left his blissful seats above,  
(Such is the power of mighty love).  
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:  
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,  
When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
And while he sought her snowy breast:  
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.  
The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;  
A present deity! they shout around:  
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
With ravish'd ears,  
The monarch hears,  
Assumes the god,  
Affects to nod,  
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung:  
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:  
The jolly god in triumph comes;  
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;  
Flush'd with a purple grace,  
He shows his honest face:  
Now give the hautboys breath:—he comes, he comes.  
Bacchus, ever fair and young,  
Drinking joys did first ordain;  
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,  
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:  
Rich the treasure,  
Sweet the pleasure,  
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

\* John Hughes, Esq., A.M., of Oriel College, in an article upon "Poetry" in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.  
 The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;  
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,  
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride.  
 He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse :  
 He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And weltering in his blood ;  
 Deserted, at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of Chance below :  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see  
 That love was in the next degree :  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.  
 Softly sweet in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.  
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;  
 Honour, but an empty bubble,  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying.  
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee.  
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;  
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.  
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
 Gazed on the fair  
 Who caused his care,  
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,  
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :  
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,  
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :  
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.  
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
 And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound  
 Has raised up his head !  
 As awaked from the dead,  
 And amazed, he stares around.  
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries,  
 See the Furies arise ;  
 See the snakes that they rear,  
 How they hiss in their hair,  
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !  
 Behold a ghastly band,  
 Each a torch in his hand !  
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
 And unburied remain  
 Inglorious on the plain :  
 Give the vengeance due  
 To the valiant crew.  
 Behold how they toss their torches on high,  
 How they point to the Persian abodes,  
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods.  
 The princes applaud with a furious joy,  
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy :  
 Thais led the way,  
 To light him to his prey,  
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,  
 While organs yet were mute,  
 Timotheus to his breathing flute,  
 And sounding lyre,  
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.  
 At last divine Cecilia came,  
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;  
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,  
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,  
 And added length to solemn sounds,  
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before :  
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,  
 Or both divide the crown ;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies,  
 She drew an angel down.

The merits of this extraordinary poem are so obvious as to render it superfluous to attempt to direct the admiration of the reader, who cannot fail to discover some new beauty, in felicity of expression, the charm of rhythm, or in magnificence of imagination, upon every reperusal.

It has been stated upon authority which Sir Walter Scott, who introduces the story in his *Life of Dryden*, calls respectable, but without naming it, that this ode was composed at one sitting. The story is given by Sir Walter in the following words :—"Mr. St. John, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke, happening to pay a morning visit to Dryden, whom he always respected, found him in an unusual agitation of spirits, even to a trembling. On inquiring the cause, 'I have been up all night,' replied the old bard ; 'my musical friends made me promise to write them an ode for their Feast of St. Cecilia : I have been so struck with the subject which occurred to me, that I could not leave it till I had completed it ; and here it is, finished at one sitting.'" But, although there is no reason to doubt this tale, it appears that he spent an entire fortnight in correcting and giving the last polish to his work.

Alexander's Feast was set to music by three different composers ; but none, except Handel, appear to have been equal to a task which indeed required no ordinary powers to cope with ; and it is not the least of Handel's merits that he so worthily performed the arduous undertaking.

#### MEMOIRS OF A PRISONER OF STATE \*.

##### NO. II.

ANDRYANE had not an opportunity of seeing Confalonieri, until he and the other prisoners were assembled to hear their sentences. Confalonieri was at this time very ill ; and Andryane, on his first introduction, had the melancholy satisfaction of supporting the noble patient during the scene. And this was their doom :

"By the sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, the Count Frederik Confalonieri, accused and convicted of high-treason, is condemned to death." There he stopped.

"To enjoy the terrible effect which this sanguinary doom must produce on the victim, Salvotti cast on him piercing and triumphant looks. But he was deceived—no alteration was visible in the countenance of Confalonieri.

"After a long pause the secretary continued :—"But the capital punishment, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, has been commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg."

"A slight shudder arose among the assistants. Confalonieri remained immovable. Pallavicini repeated the words, mingled with sighs and murmurs.

\* *Memoirs of a Prisoner of State, in the Fortress of Spielberg* ; by Alexander Andryane, Fellow-Captive of Count Confalonieri ; with an Appendix by Maroncelli, the Companion of Silvio Pellico. Translated by Fortunato Prandl. Complete in two Volumes.—3vo. Saunders and Otley, 1840

"Some minutes elapsed before the reading recommenced, when we heard again: 'By a similar sentence of the Imperial Commission, confirmed by the Supreme Tribunal of Verona, and sanctioned by his Majesty, Alexander Andryane, aged twenty-five years, accused and found guilty of high-treason, is condemned to death; but, by the inexhaustible clemency of his Majesty, the capital punishment is commuted to imprisonment for life in the fortress of Spielberg.'

"The eyes of Salvotti, lighted up with a cruel satisfaction, said to me, 'I promised you this!' while in those of Confalonieri, which were turned towards me, was seen the most tender compassion. I replied to the one by a pressure of the hand—to the other by a smile of pity. I heard the certainty of my salvation without emotion and without joy. I had already suffered so much, that the sorrow of my heart exceeded my desire of life.

"They now passed sentence on the others. Pallavicini, Borsieri, and Castiglia, were condemned to twenty years' solitary confinement; Tonnelli, to ten years. When the secretary concluded, the president addressed some words exhorting us to merit by our conduct the clemency that his Majesty had shown us. We listened in silence, and, without answering a word, bowed, and retraced our steps to the chapel."

This scene took place during the night; and in the morning the prisoners had to undergo the pillory. In chains—chains even on the fainting Confalonieri—were they led out, to be exhibited to the mob of Milan. The crowd, however, gave such unequivocal symptoms of sympathy with the prisoners, that the police, uneasy at such a manifestation of feeling, took upon themselves to withdraw them from the scaffold some minutes before the appointed time.

The removal of the prisoners from Milan to Spielberg was an important affair; but Confalonieri was obliged to be left behind on the journey, being too ill to continue it.

"At Krems, a little town on the Danube, at which we arrived eight days after leaving Confalonieri, we learned that a chief commissary of police had been sent to fetch him to Vienna. I received the news with joy, as a proof that my poor friend was yet living; but when Bolza, to complete his confidential communication, added that the Emperor had sent for the Count in the hope of conquering his obstinate silence, I said with grief that the last seal had thus been affixed to his doom. Some of our party, who knew not sufficiently either Confalonieri's constancy or the unforgiving character of the Emperor, would entertain a different opinion, and hope; but the course of events has, alas! but too clearly shown that they laboured under an illusion.

"Only a few days' march now remained to reach Spielberg: we travelled very slowly, it is true; but we advanced, and the end of the journey was close at hand. One evening we were informed that for the last time we were to have our meal together, and to sleep in a bed. We embraced each other, and parted as if we were never to meet again. The next morning, on Sunday the 26th of February, we had scarcely been three hours on the high road from Znaim to Brunn, when a fortress frowning on the summit of a hill attracted our attention. It was Spielberg! 'It is there, then,' exclaimed Borsieri, 'that my poor Pellico has been languishing these two years—that we are going to be buried alive! How gloomy is the aspect of that prison, even in spite of the rising sun! Oh, my poor parents and sisters! we shall never meet again—never.'

"I took his hand and said, 'Borsieri, He who is the source of sorrow and of joy will take pity on them. Let us but merit his mercy by patience and resignation.'

"The road now began to be crowded with vehicles and persons riding or walking. The director-general of the police of Moravia, who came to meet us, ordered that the blinds of our carriages should be pulled down. We proceeded slowly, and with withered hearts, tearless and vacant eyes, awaited in silence the moment when the gates of Spielberg should open to receive us. After the

most laborious efforts to drag our heavy coaches over the steep ascent of the mountain, the horses stopped;—a sound of chains and bolts was heard; the heavy gates creaked on their hinges—and we entered! The clock of the chapel struck twelve. Overwhelmed with affliction, I thought of the beloved objects of my love, and prayed God to give them consolation and peace for the long sufferings I was doomed to endure in that sojourn of grief."

In Spielberg, they were clothed in a parti-coloured dress of the coarsest cloth, had fetters rivetted on their legs, and were distributed into different cells, in pairs. At first, the chief authorities acted with as much humanity as they durst venture to show.

"In a short time," says Andryane, "I became thoroughly acquainted with all that was passing around me. I observed everything, animate or inanimate, from the commandant of Spielberg, who every day paid us a visit, to the two convicts who attended to the needs of our dungeon. One of these, young, limber, active, with a roguish leer, and a countenance the epitome of rascality, seemed to laugh at his destiny; the other, advanced in years, though still robust, bore upon his open features the impress of long and patient suffering. The former was a Pole, the latter a Bohemian. What crimes they had committed I was never told; but I should have been much disappointed had I learned that the old man, so patient and humble, had been guilty of any villanous action. As to the younger, his physiognomy told its tale; and when he smiled at me with an air of familiarity, I felt such disgust, that I either closed my eyes or turned away my head.

"His amicable advances did not however cease, and I soon began to think there must be some meaning in his signs, as he repeated them more expressively when the jailors happened not to be watching him. I at first feigned not to understand him, but still he persisted. What could he want of me? I tried in vain to divine. At last, one day, he drew from his pocket a little packet, very dirty and much worn. This he adroitly placed under our jug as he filled it, indicating by a side glance of his eye, as he departed, the treasure which he had confided to my honour.

"The door closed—I hurried to gain the packet: it contained a vial of reddish liquid, the stump of a pen, and a letter worded nearly as follows:

"'We are ignorant of your names; but your misfortunes and ours are the same, and on this ground we address you. Let us know who you are; tell us about Milan, about Italy, about everything. During the two years that we have been here, no news has reached us. Write without fear; we vouch for the messenger. Reply quickly, for we burn to hear by what fatal destiny you, like us, have been buried in the tombs of Spielberg.'

'SILVIO PELLICO,  
'PIERO MARONCELLI.'

"'Tis from Pellico!' I exclaimed to the colonel; 'hear what he says.' He heard it through, but was far from expressing the emotion and joy which I felt at this generous appeal from a man of whom Confalonieri had spoken with great esteem and warmth. This unforeseen, unhopd-for correspondence, thus established between us, was a happy event, from which I promised myself the most effectual consolation. When I took up my pen to answer him, I felt as if I were writing to an old friend whom Heaven had restored to me after I had long mourned his loss.

"I carefully folded up my letter, and held it in readiness at the time the convict came to bring us fresh water, when I intended, despite my disgust at the rascal, to slip it into his hand; but the jailors were too vigilant, and I hesitated—I was on thorns. After having in vain attempted to give the secret despatch into my messenger's hand, I adopted the plan of concealing it under the jug which he regularly filled every morning. What a weight was taken from my mind when I saw him expertly snatch up my letter, and convey it into his pocket with all the dexterity of an experienced juggler! He then turned round upon me with a significant look of triumph, opening his mouth from one ear to the other, and half closing his eyes, the whole forming a smile some-



thing between that of a satyr and a demon, and fully justifying the name of Caliban which we afterwards gave him."

Confalonieri at last arrived at Spielberg, and Andryane had the satisfaction of being placed along with him in the same cell. The Count had been taken to Vienna, and was visited by Metternich: the Emperor was willing to see him, in the hope that important disclosures might be obtained from him. But Confalonieri told Metternich that it was useless, and his stay at Vienna was therefore short.

Amongst the expedients resorted to, to enliven their imprisonment, was the manufacture of writing materials. "With a few pinches of soot, brought by Caliban, we made a sort of ink—thick and muddy, it is true, but such as enabled us to scrawl a few lines on the wretched paper we contrived to manufacture; and for pens we took straws or little bits of wood. These resources—the fruits of our own ingenuity and invention—made us feel proud of being indebted only to ourselves for a relief from the monotony of our existence, in which we experienced an indescribable comfort."

All the details of the management of these state-prisoners were under the special and particular direction of the Emperor of Austria, without whose express sanction the most trifling change could not be made. The Emperor sent a coarse-minded, vulgar, but sneaking priest to Spielberg, who, under the pretence of administering the consolations of religion to the prisoners, was to worm himself into their confidence, and to effect that by sapping, which Salvotti had not been able to do by bullying. For a time Andryane was in great favour with this man: but when he found that the "secrets" supposed to be hidden in the prisoner's bosom were not to be extracted, he grew harsh, watched the keepers lest they might be quietly giving indulgences to the prisoners (which two of them did, much at their own peril), and sent unfavourable reports to the Emperor; causing the changing of their guards, the stinting of anything that bore the most distant resemblance to comfort, until the poor unhappy men were made as miserable as it was possible for calculating cruelty to effect. For these services the priest was at last made a bishop!

Andryane's affectionate sister made many a weary journey, and suffered much, in repeated exertions for her brother. In 1825, the Emperor visited Milan, and she obtained an interview with him, which she thus describes:—

"After having made the three obeisances required, I advanced with my head respectfully inclined, and said without embarrassment, 'In obtaining the honour of seeing your Majesty, my first duty is to offer you thanks in the name of a grateful family, who owe all to you. But for your infinite clemency, sire, my brother would have ceased to exist, and we should have been miserable for ever.'

"A faint voice replied, 'I am delighted—I am delighted!'

"Raising my eyes, I beheld before me a little old man, of about my own height, without any dignity or appearance of grace, and with a long countenance—so long! He was dressed in a travelling suit, without any decorations. I told him how, in consequence of the illness of my father-in-law, I had been sent thither myself; then expressing my apprehension that my poor brother might never see his aged parent again, I fell on my knees before him.

"The Emperor started back, apparently frightened, and answered sharply, raising his voice, 'Arise, get up, get up! If I had known you came to ask his pardon, I would not have received you. I cannot grant it—my duty forbids me. Unless I make a striking example of this case, I shall soon have more of these rascals come and create disturbances here. If any more Frenchmen come, they shall certainly be hanged. Your brother ought to have been hanged.'

"I was so overwhelmed with astonishment at such language, that I burst out weeping bitterly, and reiterated my prayers for

pardon; for it was necessary not to abandon submission when it was so needful. I said in vain to the Emperor everything my heart or mind could suggest: he was not accessible on any side; his only reply was—'Be at ease; I have taken care of his soul; but it is contrary to my duty to grant his liberty. You must wait till the scoundrels who sent your brother into Lombardy have ceased to exist—they are old.'

"Sire, I supplicate you, grant us permission to write to him sometimes."

"Impossible, impossible!—it is contrary to the regulations."

"But the letters need not be put into his hands. Your Majesty might deign to order that they should be read to him."

"Impossible, impossible!" he replied.

"Sire, in the name of a dying father, in the name of Heaven's mercy, do not refuse to a family in despair the one satisfaction of once a year seeing his signature—only his signature, sire, to convince us that he is alive."

"Impossible, impossible!"

"My sobs, which I could not control for some instants, prevented utterance; at last I said, 'If he could but undergo his captivity in France, he would be permitted to see us sometimes.'

"I cannot put sufficient trust in France to grant that," answered the Emperor, touching me on the shoulder and smiling. "No, no! I cannot put that trust in France—you are still too feverish there."

"Then shall I have no consolation to carry to his father, whom grief is hurrying to the tomb?"

"You may tell him that his son will be a very honest man when again restored to society; that we take as much care of the soul as of the body of the prisoner; and that he goes on well in every respect. I have given him as a companion to Confalonieri: they love each other, and are always together, except when they are punished—then we separate them for three weeks or a month. I have just received a letter from the priest whom I send to Spielberg four times a year. He writes to me that I should do nothing for either of them yet, as they are not sufficiently corrected."

"My tears redoubled, and I cried out, in accents of despair, 'Alas! we shall never see him again.'

"Yes, yes, you will see him again—I promise it—I give you my word for it. When I return to Vienna, I will consider what I can do to alleviate their fate. If they are good, I will be merciful,—for, understand me, it depends upon that."

"My audience had lasted forty minutes without any result, yet the Emperor did not dismiss me; but he said, 'After you, I shall receive the governor of Lombardy, Strassoldo, and I will give him orders to transmit to you every six months a bulletin of your brother's health.'

"I then took leave. My eyes were so dimmed with tears, that I traversed the saloons without seeing anything around, though an immense crowd blocked up the passage."

This was in 1825; and seven long and dreary years had still to elapse before this affectionate woman obtained a favourable answer to her continual prayers and entreaties. Meantime, the Countess Confalonieri and Andryane's father both died—severe calamities, one of them especially to Confalonieri; while many other griefs were spread over the years of captivity. In 1832, Andryane's sister went to Vienna, and once more had an interview with the Emperor; having, to aid her purpose, procured pressing letters from the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, widow of Eugene Beauharnois and sister of the Empress, as well as from other influential individuals. This is her account of her second interview with the paternal Emperor of Austria:—

"Ten o'clock was striking at the moment the door opened, and the signal was given for me to advance. The apartment was so small, that on entering I found myself close to the Emperor, who was standing, dressed in the uniform of an Austrian general, and his breast covered with orders. I bowed low, and began my petition, when he interrupted me at the first word, saying, 'I have

acted foolishly, very foolishly!" and his Majesty, seeing that I looked surprised, hastened to add, "If I consent some day to set your brother at liberty, I ought not to have let him been placed with Confalonieri—he knows all his secrets, and may divulge them."

"Ah, sire, he has suffered so much and so long! In the name of the Divine mercy, listen to the impulse of your heart; recollect those words uttered by your Majesty seven years ago—'I will restore him to you some day, I promise you.' They have been the consolation of a family much to be commiserated. Sire, do not reject my supplication—pardon, pardon him!" And I threw myself on my knees, shedding tears.

"Rise, rise, madam!" he said kindly, and extending his hand to assist me. "And what will my Italian subjects say with respect to the other state-prisoners, who deserve pardon more than your brother? He has a great veneration for Confalonieri, to whom, I know, he is devotedly attached."

"Sire, how could it be otherwise with men who have suffered so much together?"

"Without doubt, without doubt—I do not consider it a crime; and it is very certain that if one of the two deserved to be hanged, it was not your brother. I have much ameliorated their condition; I have acceded to the supplication of the Countess Confalonieri that her husband should have coffee, which was necessary for his health. If I release your brother—"

"Ah, sire," cried I, clasping my hands, "will you really then restore him to us?"

"Then," replied the Emperor, smiling, "will you promise me to observe the strictest silence—to say that I have not granted your prayer? Answer me;—that you will not even write to France?"

"Sire, the orders of your Majesty shall be strictly obeyed. I promise to refrain from expressing my gratitude and joy. But your Majesty will permit me to write to my family, enjoining at the same time the most profound secrecy."

"Yes, I consent to it, but to your family only; for, do you see, I do not wish to be tormented by my Italian subjects. Well, madam, I yield to your entreaties."

"May Heaven bless your Majesty, and—"

"The words died away on my lips; I could not utter another word."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself," said the Emperor. "You will wait for him on the frontier—is it not so? I shall give orders to Metternich; he will inform you what you will have to do; but it will take some days, because we must provide him with warm clothes."

"After having showered a thousand blessings on the Emperor, I took leave of him; he nodded his head kindly, and added, 'If you desire, madam, to see me once more previous to your departure, I will receive you with pleasure.'

"Your Majesty confers an honour on me which I did not dare to hope."

"And, light as a bird which has regained its liberty, I hastened to Prince Metternich. I waited not an instant, but on entering his closet, I cried, 'Ah! sir, how happy I am!'

"He pressed my hand affectionately, and said, 'I had no doubt of the result, although the Emperor did not confide his intention to me; but when he heard of your arrival from me, he answered, I am glad that the good woman has come, for I only wish to yield to an application from the family, and shall be glad at the same time to please Queen Amelia.—But,' added the Prince, 'let us now arrange what had better be done. Seat yourself there,' and he handed me to a place at the little table. 'Tell me first what you said to his Majesty.'

"I began the recital, and when I came to the permission to write to France, to my family, the Prince interrupted me, saying, 'I am going to send a courier this evening to Count d'Appony; send me your letters, and I will forward them.'

"May I also, sir, give you one for the prisoner? Could you not send it to Spielberg?"

"Yes, I promise it to you."

"When I had finished my story, Prince Metternich was enthusiastic in praise of the Emperor's goodness. He then added, 'In order punctually to execute the commands of his Majesty, you must not depart under your own name, for it has been spread by all the newspapers in the south of Germany, where the liberty of the press is tolerated. You know that the established custom compels you to sign a register wherever you change horses, and at the entrance of all towns: thus in an instant your arrival will be known; the people would interest themselves for your brother as a so-called victim of despotism—you would be serenaded—you would receive a deputation to invite you to a public entertainment, which you could not refuse; and there they would make you drink a toast to the death of the Emperor.'

"I could not refrain from a movement of indignation, and I said forcibly, 'Good God! sir, do you think me capable of such—'

"Certainly not," answered the Prince; 'it is precisely because I know the horror you would feel, that I wish you to avoid it. So give me the name of the relation who accompanies you.' And he wrote it with a pencil. 'It is well; he shall be your husband, and your passports shall be in the name of Monsieur and Madame Berthelin; M. Andryane shall be M. Berthelin's brother. I will get your passports *visé* under these names at the different legations, and will send them to you when ready to leave. I am going to receive his Majesty's commands. If you will call again the day after to-morrow, I shall doubtless be able to give you some information. Come also whenever you wish—my door will always be open to you.'

"I longed to quit the Prince, to hasten to my excellent friend, whose anguish I knew. An hour had elapsed since I left him;—the noise of my carriage had informed him of my return. I expected to find him on the staircase, but his anxiety nailed him to his room; he could not move a step to know our fate the sooner. I rushed towards him, and falling into his arms, I cried, 'We have him! he is restored to us!'

"His tears and sobs were his only answer; the excess of our joy manifested itself in exclamations and broken sentences. My good cousin, moved to the bottom of his soul, wished to write to his wife and son, but his emotion would not permit him to hold a pen—he could only trace a few scarcely legible words. Was I then less transported with joy since I wrote to all my relations at Paris, and a letter of four pages to the poor prisoner? I went afterwards to take these despatches to Prince Metternich, who sent them away in my presence. The rest of the day was spent in nappiness: it was enjoyment so much above our strength, that communion with God was necessary to calm ourselves."

"Oh, may the 29th of February, 1832, be for ever blessed!—may it be a day of eternal acts of grace and of unmingled happiness!"

We have thus come to the end of the story, for we need not add to our lengthened extracts the account of Andryane's release, and his meeting with his friends. One extract, however, remains, worth a thousand comments on the effects of his imprisonment. Andryane was released, on the condition of never again entering Austria; and a commissary of police, named Prohasko, was appointed to convey him to the frontiers. At an inn, during his absence, Andryane "approached a mirror, placed at the end of the room."

"I cannot express the sad impression which my ghastly aspect and sallow face produced upon me. I had last seen it young and fresh, and now I found it old and careworn. Alas! I was so struck with the change which had rendered me almost unrecognisable even to myself, that I burst into tears, exclaiming, 'Ah, what will be my sister's sorrow on seeing me thus aged and broken!'

"Prohasko found me on his return seated near the table, my head supported by one of my hands, weeping. He hastily inquired what was the matter with me? I did not answer at first;

but he insisted with so much kindness, that I did not hesitate to reply—Ten years have passed since I saw my features—since I looked in a glass; and I have just witnessed in this the traces of captivity which will never be effaced.”

“‘You must not think of that,’ he answered; ‘you are still young, and a few years of liberty will be sufficient to repair the evil. Believe me, your days will be happy for the future.’”

“I listened to him. I endeavoured even to believe his consoling words, but gloom again took possession of my heart, with the conviction that I was no longer fitted for the world. To divert my attention, Prohasko spoke to me on the road of the events which had happened in France since 1830,—the three days of July, the embarkation of Charles the Tenth at Cherbourg, and his stay in Scotland; of King Louis-Philippe, the Poles, and the Greeks.

“With what enthusiasm should I have heard this news some years before!—with what eagerness I should have questioned the commissary, and have read the newspapers that I found in all the inns! Alas! I remained cold and unmoved; and I felt then more bitterly than ever to what a degree of indifference and intellectual dejection the tortures of Spielberg had reduced me.”

The release of prisoners is effected as suddenly and silently in Austria as arrests; so that Andryane and Confalonieri had only time to embrace each other, the truly noble-minded nobleman exclaiming, “*Son felice—son felice!*” (“I am happy—I am happy!”) Confalonieri at last regained his own liberty; and on the occasion of the coronation of the present Emperor of Austria, Ferdinand, as King of Lombardy, at Milan, in 1838, an act of grace was published for political offences. Of this, however, Fortunato Prandi says—

“It soon became evident, however, that the much-boasted act of clemency was in fact nothing more than a fraud, in order to obtain a good reception for the Emperor, and allay the indignation that Pellico’s book had roused against Austria throughout the world. In its application, the imperial pardon was only extended to a few young men of family, who, alarmed by the arbitrary proceedings of the inquisitorial commission, had sought refuge in other countries; but all those against whom a *sentence* had been pronounced for having done or said anything, however trifling, against the sovereign or his government, are still left lingering by hundreds in Hungarian fortresses or in exile.”

#### ELEPHANT-HUNTING AT THE CAPE.

LIEUTENANT MOODIE, in his amusing “Ten Years in South Africa,” gives the following account of his elephant-hunting:—

Some months after forming my new settlement, I engaged a Hottentot to shoot elephants and buffaloes for me, on condition of receiving half of the profits. This man, who was called Jan Wildeman, was a most expert hunter, rarely failing to kill on the spot whatever he fired at. He was a complete wild man of the woods, and had as many wiles as a fox in escaping the dangers to which he was daily exposed. His activity was most extraordinary; and I was often surprised with his nimbleness in climbing the highest trees to get at the wild vines growing over their tops. While I was considering how I could get up, he would take hold of one of the “baboon’s ropes,” as they are called, which hang in festoons from the branches, and in a few seconds he would be perched like a crow on the top, enjoying my surprise, and flinging down whole bunches of the fruit.

Though naturally timid, he had acquired by long practice such entire confidence in the correctness of his aim, that he would go right up to an elephant in the woods and bring him down with the first shot. Sometimes, however, his gun would miss fire, when he had to betake himself to his heels, and, by his agility and address, never failed to effect his escape. His adventures of this kind would fill a volume.

Wildeman came to inform me one evening that he had shot three elephants and a buffalo; and that there was a young elephant still remaining with the body of its dead mother, which he thought might be caught, and brought home alive. There happened to be two friends with me from the district of Albany, who had never seen an elephant, and whom, therefore, I persuaded to accompany

me. One of these gentlemen has already given an account of this little adventure in an interesting little work, entitled, “*Scenes in Albany*,” but, as my readers may not have seen it, they will excuse me for telling the story in my own way.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we set off, accompanied by Jan Wildeman, my Hottentot Speelman, and their wives, to assist in cutting up the buffalo and carrying the flesh home.

Entering the forest, Jan first brought us to the carcass of the buffalo; but the fellow was so lazy that he had not taken out the entrails, and, the weather being warm, the flesh was unfit for use. He next led us to one of the elephants he had killed, and showed us the spot whence he had fired. The ball had entered the shoulder in a slanting direction, and passed through the heart. This was an exceedingly difficult shot, as he required to be very near to hit the right place, and for the ball to penetrate through such a mass of skin and flesh.

In shooting elephants, it is necessary to be provided with balls made of an equal mixture of tin and lead, as lead-balls generally flatten on the skin or bones. Our ignorance of this circumstance at Fredericksburg accounts for the trouble we experienced in killing the elephants there.

After following several of the paths made by these animals, and struggling through the tangled mazes of the forest, we ascended a steep sandy ridge covered with low bushes near the shore; and on reaching the top, we came in sight of the carcass of another of the elephants, and the young one standing by it. At a few paces’ distance, we saw a large elephant browsing among the low bushes. He smelt us as soon as we appeared on the top of the hill, and, throwing up his trunk and spreading out his huge ears, uttered a most discordant cry. “*Gownatsi!*” ejaculated Jan Wildeman, “that’s the rascal that gave me so much trouble yesterday; he’s as cunning as the devil.”

The dogs instantly assailed the animal, and, after several ineffectual attempts to seize them with his trunk, he made off. The dogs now attacked the young elephant, and chased him up the steep sandy hill where we were standing. My visitors, who were unaccustomed to large game, were exceedingly agitated. They had brought a gun with them for form’s sake, but had neglected to load it. One of them, who was a Scotchman, seized me by the coat, and cried out in great agony, “*Eh! man, whaar ’ill we rin?—whaar ’ill we rin?*” It was no use telling him that there was not any danger, for he still kept fast hold of me, saying, “*What, nae danger, man, and the beest comin’ right up amang us! I say, man, whar ’ill we do?—whaar ’ill we rin?*” The women instinctively ran and squatted themselves down behind the bushes.

As soon as I could break loose from the grasp of my countryman, I ran to endeavour to seize the young elephant by the trunk, and Speelman took his stand on the opposite side for the same purpose. I was astonished at the nimbleness with which the animal ascended the steep hill. As he approached the spot where we stood, we found he was much older than we expected, being nearly as large as an ox; and, after making an ineffectual attempt to get hold of his trunk, we were obliged to give him a free passage between us. I now picked up my gun and gave chase to him, but he ran so fast that I could not overtake him.

I was well pleased we had not succeeded in seizing him, as in all probability he would have done us some serious injury with his tusks, which were just appearing at the root of the trunk. When they are only a few days old, there is no difficulty in catching them, and they become docile almost immediately. Several attempts have been made to rear them with cows’ milk, but without success.

It is remarkable that the young of the elephant, when a few days old, are not much higher than a young calf; but their bodies are rounder and more bulky. It is also a curious circumstance, that the carcasses of elephants which have died a natural death are never found by the natives in the woods where they are most abundant.

#### CULTIVATION OF THE VINE.

Every country is distinguished by some peculiar modes, a comparison of which with those of a corresponding nature in other countries, especially in matters apparently admitting of but little variety, often affords amusement and instruction. In illustration of this remark may be cited the characteristic salutations of different nations, the various modes of dressing the hair, and the dissimilar pronunciation of the same letter. The cultivation of the vine affords another example. In our own country it is suffered to expand itself to any size, and nailed in regular lines to the wall



or frame of a greenhouse; thus a single tree will produce several hundred weight of grapes. On the banks of the Rhine the growth is limited to four feet in height, and each tree is supported in an upright position. In France it is formed into arches and ornamental alcoves. In Sardinia it assumes the aspect of a parasitical plant, luxuriating among the branches of the largest forest trees, and clasping with its tendrils the extreme twigs. In Asia Minor, its wild festoons hang their green and purple pendants from rural bowers of trellis-work. On the heights of Lebanon it lies in a state of humiliation, covering the ground like the cucumber; and subsequently we saw it in the valley of Eshcol, in a position different from all that have been named. There, three vines planted close together, and cut off at a height of five feet, meet in the apex of a cone formed by their stems; where, being tied, each is supported by two others, and thus enabled to sustain the prodigious clusters for which that region has always been famous—clusters so large that, to carry one, the spies of Moses were compelled to place it on a stick borne by two men. Each mode is, doubtless, the best that could be adopted in the quarter where it prevails, considering the nature of the soil and climate, the value of the land, and the object of the cultivator.—*Elliott's Travels.*

## MAY.

RICH fragrance fills the dewy air:—

Come, dearest, let's away,  
And drink new life from field and flower,  
So gladdening in May.

The merry month! the merry month!  
The joyous month of May!  
When laughing flowers are strew'd in showers  
By happy-hearted May.

Glad music flows from hill and tree;  
Birds, carolling in the air,  
Pour forth a stream of melody,  
To charm us everywhere.  
Oh! the month, the merry month,  
The sweet, sweet month of May!  
Hills, woods, and streams—all nature—seems  
Most beautiful in May.

The blithesome lambs around their dams  
Are bounding in their play;  
Shall we be sad, nor seem as glad,  
Dear Margaret, as they?  
In this sweet month, this dearest month,  
This cheering month of May,  
Shall we alone, 'neath heaven's clear zone,  
Be sorrowful in May?

But fairest things at last must fade,  
And mouldering fast decay,  
And so must we—still love shall be  
To us an endless May!  
Oh! the month! the merry month!  
The charming month of May!  
True love shall be to thee and me  
A long, unchanging May.

## OUR LITERARY LETTER-BOX.

FROM time to time letters have reached us, relating directly and indirectly to the great question of TEMPERANCE. We have been blamed for what the writers considered inadvertent expressions, or extracts carelessly given, tending to encourage intemperance; and we have been repeatedly asked for an opinion on the abstinence question. We are reluctant, however, to give an opinion, the mind being undecided, while the practice is not yet conformed to the entire abstinence from the use of intoxicating liquors; but a few remarks we are willing to make.

First: nobody can dispute that the unnatural excitement of the nerves and circulation, and the consequent depression, which are the never-failing effects of taking alcohol into the stomach, are productive of physical or vital injury. The impaired faculties of the mind, as evinced by weakened judgment and loss of memory in the habitual consumer of alcoholic stimulants, unequivocally point out their baneful influence on the intellect; while the statistics of crime but too clearly show that the use of alcohol is the fertile source of immorality.

We think nobody can, or ought, to dispute the truth of these general admissions.

Second: taking for granted that the moderate use of alcoholic stimulants is beneficial, it can hardly be disputed that, even with all the increased sobriety and improved manners of the age, more wine, brandy, whiskey and gin, more ale and porter, are consumed, than can possibly be necessary for the general good; and if even the moderate use of these stimulants is unnecessary, if not pernicious, what an enormous waste of national resources is daily committed by individuals!—what a fertile spring of misery and vice lies in the very heart of our social habits!

"Then, why are you not a tee-totaler?" some of our readers may ask; "and why do you not advocate the cause of abstinence from intoxicating liquors?" Individually, we are disposed to do so; and judging from personal experience, we should say that the moderate use of stimulants is oftener pernicious than otherwise. But to advocate the entire abstinence from all stimulants, on the ground of their positive injury, is what we are not prepared to do. To overlook all the modifying circumstances which mitigate the injurious influences—to forget the adaptability of the human constitution and stomach—to pass over the strength of habit, the mental excitement, and hurry, worry, and wear of life, the force of our social relations, with a thousand other matters which we cannot at present advert to—is what should not be done, but is too often done, in the advocacy of abstinence from all intoxicating liquors: and, notwithstanding all the evils which arise from the abuse of intoxicating liquors, there are objections, and no slight ones either, which can be urged, drawn from reason and religion, against the asceticism of abstinence.


We rejoice in the great temperance movement in Ireland, and hope it will be a permanent one. But while perfectly disposed to give full credit to Father Matthew for the honesty and enthusiasm of his character, it is impossible to conceal that the temperance movement in Ireland is carried on by a species of fanatical excitement. The people in large numbers take the temperance pledge, not so much because it is good or beneficial to abstain from whiskey, but that the taking of the temperance-pledge from Father Matthew is a holy or a blessed thing—in fact, a religious, or (if you will) a superstitious action. If this enthusiastic or superstitious feeling sustains the people until a habit is formed, and temperance, or abstinence, is felt to be good for its own sake, then a vast and permanent benefit will have been conferred on Ireland. But if not—if the people break down in large numbers, and return to drinking whiskey in doses, while those who still abstain see that no sudden and visible judgment falls on the violators of their pledges, enormous mischief will be done, and the "last state will be worse than the first." We hope, however, better things for Ireland, though perfectly aware that it requires a deeply-aided and sustaining moral power in order to achieve a sudden and startling change in the inveterate habits of a nation.

Meantime, we entreat such of our zealous correspondents as are inclined to draw us into controversy on the matter, to abstain from doing so for the present, as we may very possibly have occasion to return to the question more at large: and should we do so, we will not be found "halting between two opinions."

M. J. F., GALWAY, requests "a philosophical explanation of musical time and of its application to the art itself," complaining that the subject is left in obscurity in the treatises of musical professors. "We are told," says our correspondent, "that the breve or semibreve is the standard by which the length of other notes in a bar should be computed; but meanwhile we are not informed what time the breve or semibreve itself should occupy. Is it *ad libitum*, and the others in proportion; or if not, by what is the length of the breve or semibreve regulated?"

We cannot, at least at present, insert an article on Musical Science, as, in another paragraph of his (or *qy. her*) letter, M. J. F. seems to desire; but we will endeavour to clear up the difficulty, and the more readily as we are afraid there is too much truth in the complaint of obscurity in ordinary musical treatises.

Two sorts of time are made use of in music—Common or double time, and Triple time; both admitting of various modifications. Double time is divided into two kinds—the one in which each bar contains a semibreve, or its equivalent in notes of less value; the other in which a minim is the measure of the bar. The duration of a semibreve in ordinary time is the standard by which all other notes is regulated; its duration is estimated as the sixtieth part of a minute, and is marked by musicians by the raising and falling of the hand in unison with the pulsation of the heart, whence the term *double time*, marked by two motions.

When the first kind of common time is used—i. e. when each bar is equal to a semibreve, it is thus distinguished—; or, if the movement is intended

to be a little faster, thus  $\frac{1}{2}$  When the movement is still more rapid  $\frac{1}{4}$

is sometimes used; but this mark is out of fashion, and any increase or diminution of the standard time is generally expressed in words, either English or Italian, wherever they may be necessary.

When the minim is the measure of the bar, the marks used are  $\frac{-2-}{-4-}$  showing that the semibreve is divided into four notes (crotchets), whereof two (equivalent to a minim) are reckoned in a bar; or  $\frac{-4-}{-8-}$  signifying that the semibreve is divided into eight notes (quavers), whereof there are four (equivalent to a minim) in a bar.

Triple time takes its name from the whole or half of each bar being divisible into three parts, which are beat accordingly—the first down, the second with the return of the hand, and the last quite up. It is always marked by figures, as in the second kind of common time; the lower showing into how many parts the semibreve is divided, and the upper how many of these parts are contained in each bar. Thus,  $\frac{-3-}{-2-}$  signifies three minims in a bar;  $\frac{-3-}{-4-}$  three crotchets in

a bar;  $\frac{-6-}{-4-}$  six crotchets in a bar;  $\frac{-6-}{-8-}$  six quavers, &c.

These explanations must be received solely in relation to ordinary modern music. In ancient, and occasionally in church music, other distinctions are made use of; but as far as the duration of notes is concerned, all are reducible to the standard of the semibreve.

The following letter has reached us from Exeter:—

"I hope you will excuse the liberty I now take in writing to you on a subject of some importance to myself. I shall be very much obliged by receiving your opinion, through the medium of your Letter-Box. My case is this:—Having lost my parents—who are now, I trust, in a better world—I shall very soon be obliged to struggle for my existence. I have had a tolerable education; I am now eighteen years of age; and I have been brought up to no trade. I have read with pleasure the whole of your articles in 'The London Saturday Journal' on the British Navy. I have made up my mind to enter the Navy with an acquaintance of mine: can you inform me if there will be any difficulty, after we get to Portsmouth, in entering the navy as boys of the first class; or if it will be necessary for me to write to any person at Portsmouth first, to know if we could get employment; also, who would be the best person to write to? I should not have attempted to trespass on your valuable pages, but I think that other readers of your Journal may be glad to be informed on the same subject. With hope for a satisfactory answer, I remain your most obedient servant,

"ALFRED."

Young men who have never been at sea will not be received in the Royal Navy, under present regulations, even as first-class boys; but it is probable that if the writer transmits a respectful letter to the Secretary of the Admiralty, requesting he will be pleased to move their lordships to make an order for him to be received, they will comply with his request, provided he has no physical incapacity. Many boys get into the service by this means; but captains will not take them without an order, because they have plenty of choice amongst candidates who have been to sea for a short period.

The only difficulty experienced in manning the Queen's ships is in getting seamen, because of the great disparity of wages; the merchant-seaman's wages being now from 45s. to 60s. and even above that, per month; the Queen's men, 36s.; but the latter has thirteen months in the year, his month being calculated by the lunar calendar, and constant pay, under all circumstances of sickness, leave, &c.; the other, the calendar months (12) only, and drawbacks when unemployed, harder work, and in general worse fare and usage, without any claim for pension after twenty-one years' service, or after fourteen years, if worn out, and the Lords of the Admiralty think fit to allow it; and Greenwich, if wounded or disabled. These things induce many to prefer the Navy; and if the seaman could be induced to reflect, we have no doubt many more would prefer it, because, all things considered, we believe that in the long-run they earn as much in that as in trading vessels, and can save more, if so inclined.

A WOULD-BE ANGLO-INDIAN writes, from Blackburn, "I am an only son, have been brought up in a bookseller's shop, and have received a good education. I am just entering my twenty-first year, and am desirous of going out to India. What part of India, and what employment, would you recommend to

me as most suitable, and most likely to be advantageous? as, having but little fortune, I shall be dependent upon my own endeavours to make my way in the world."

It is only since the last renewal of the East India Company's charter that individuals have been permitted to settle within the territories of the Company without the special consent of the Court of Directors; and this period has been so short, that it would be hazardous to give an opinion as to which of the Presidencies or what employment would be most advisable. Amongst our own connexions, the persons who have chosen India for the field of their exertions and ambition have either proceeded thither in the civil, military, or marine departments of the East India Company; and these appointments can only be obtained by the individual patronage of a director.

We should not recommend any young person to go to India without some appointment of this nature, unless he had connexions there, or could obtain such strong recommendations to mercantile establishments as would secure him a certainty of obtaining employment immediately on his arrival.

A SUBSCRIBER says, "It is, I believe, the popular opinion, that tea which is designated green possesses pernicious properties; and that these qualities are derived from the leaf of the plant being dried upon copper." He, therefore, inquires the difference between black and green tea.

Tea is the leaf of a shrub, the *Thea bohea*, which, in the eye of an ordinary observer, is not unlike a myrtle. It is produced in greater or smaller quantity in almost every province of China, except the most northerly. Until of late years, the whole of the black tea was brought from the province of Fo-kien, and the whole of the green from Kiang-nan; but the cultivation of both kinds is now extended into other provinces. The differences in quality are occasioned by soil, climate, modes of culture or preparation, and the several periods at which the harvest is reaped. The finest teas are the young and delicate buds; the coarsest, the produce of the old and full-grown leaf.

"Nothing can be more ill-founded," says Mr. Davis, "than the vulgar notion, once prevalent in this country, that the colour of green tea was derived from its being dried on plates of copper. Admitting that copper were the metal on which they were placed, it does not at all follow that they should assume such an appearance from the operation; but the pans really used on these occasions are of cast-iron." But, owing to an excessive demand for green tea, especially by the American captains, who were not very scrupulous about the means of obtaining cargoes, the crafty Chinese set about manufacturing damaged, coarse black-tea leaves into fine, delicate green tea! Mr. Davis found means of witnessing the process, and saw the industrious knaves busily employed in cutting up the large damaged leaves, sifting and drying them, making them yellow with turmeric, and then turning them into green by the aid of prussiate of iron and sulphate of lime! The turmeric and gypsum, or sulphate of lime, are innocuous; but the prussiate of iron, or prussian blue, being a combination of prussic acid with iron, is a poison. It is supposed that in the preparation of even the genuine green teas exported, the Chinese use a colouring matter; they do not use them themselves; while teas in China, prepared from the green-tea plant, have a more natural colour than the bluish-green teas imported by us. "If," adds Mr. Davis, "deleterious substances are really used, our best safeguard consists in the minute proportions in which they must be combined with the leaves."

Our best thanks are due to many correspondents, who have favoured us with several matters, including the not-to-be-despised matter of advice. Several of them will find in early Numbers that what they have taken the trouble to send will not be thrown away. One of these correspondents we must single out, to let him know that we have received his letter, and appreciate it. We therefore express our thanks to "A Cultivator of Granite," near Aberdeen. The subject suggested by "Adolescens, Nottingham," will also be attentively considered.

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